

Chorus

Get Ready Get Ready Get Ready--playa huh--Homie what
All U Thugs Get Ready--all da clubbs get ready--Bussin sluggs get ready--playa huh--homie what
East coast get ready--dirty south get ready--west coast get ready--playa huh--homie what
Fed up wit you thuggs--goin head up wit you thuggs--can't let up on you thuggs
Ready to mash on you thuggs

Verse 1

Quit runnin wit dose killers and thuggs
I'll trade you love fo dem sluggs
Wit dese petti cats slangin dey druggs
Dey say dey love you, I know
But all dey want is da dough
N if you mess up
Still want it Rain Hail Sleet Snow

N all ou playaz -n- thuggs
You got dese girls in dese clubbs
On da floor shakin it up
Lost needin some love

Rappers die in da field
Claimin dey keep it real
Got yo glock wit yo dropp
Baby packin da steel
I rather be in God's will
While dey plottin to kill
You can't adjust to da truth
Ima still be keepin it real

Na tell me what you thuggs beleivin
Got mothers grievin
Squeezin gats
Leavin em flat
Fo no reason
Not even breatheen
Like you ready to ball
You rather slide down a mountain full blades
In some alcohol

Kiss a Parona
Dis-ra-spectin yo momma
No no fear fo yo life
Say you be back on Manyanna

Chorus

Verse 2

I was sent by God -n- gotta message fo yo thuggs
You ain't feelin me huh--Dat's why you steady bussin sluggs
Leavin em dead in dey blood--got mommas feelin like what
But Jesus shedd his own blood -n- you claim to be a thugg
You a coward dat's why you steady packin a steel
You a coward dat's why you leavin 'em dead in da field
You a coward I know son you claim you keepin it real
Maken dem mills you live -n- you die fo da scrill

Forget you rappers dat won't hear me
I bring it real
See you laughin -n- jokin like it's a game
But you gone feel me
Da times I be feelin da fire yo Holy Spirit
Da reason I'm droppin
I know dat you thuggs gone feel it

See da thugg in yo eye
So I gotta reply
You betta listen to me son
You ain't ready to die
To look my Lord up in his eye
-N- ya gotta tell em why
You waste yo life gettin high
So now you gotta fry
Bye Bye
So was it worth it wit yo homies pufin lah
Or wit dese girls up in da clubbs
While you all between dey thighs
Na why
Claimin dat you ready to ball
You rather slide down a mountain full of blades in some alcohol

Girls up in dis thang
U's a queen up in dis thing
Don't loose yo dream up in dis thang
Fo da cream up in dis thang

Said you tired of sheddin tears
w/homies dats catchin years
When u ready to make a change
(Say Homie) we right here

Chorus

Verse 3

You cat's gone see da flames
Fo sellin yo soul in dis game
Son you need to read da Word
So you can learn to maintain
It's like all da weed you smoke got you loosin yo brain
Talkin bout killin babies, I think really insane

All u cowardd be hittin, defecatin when you spittin
Split tongue like a serpent
Leave em dead b-4 dey bittin

I use to run in bedstuy -n- wilin puffin on Laah
I got lockdown on da islin were you gettin no smiles

Chorus